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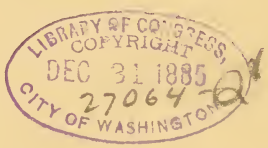
SPECIAL PARENTAL INFLUENCES.

BY

AN OBSERVER.

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DEDICATION.

TO MOTHERS:

To them who exercise so marked an influence upon the future of the race, because of their immediate impressions upon their children, this brief story is dedicated in all kindness and sympathy, trusting that it may be helpful to some in rendering their visions of life clearer and more purposeful, and their own existence happier.

PREFACE.

If he is a benefactor to his race who causes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, how much more of a benefactor is he who elevates and improves the race itself?

"The fact that our present civilization is a growth through countless generations—the result of constant and cumulative training—seems to indicate that a discovery of the methods and order of this growth, applied as a method of education, would develop in a few generations, and in some instances in a single individual, a mental and physical condition equal to that which has taken countless generations to solve." —"The Jukes," by R. L. Dugdale.

"How consonant it is to all analogy and experience, to expect that the control of future generations should be as much within the power of the living, as the health and well-being of the individual is in the

power of the guardians of his growth."—"Hereditary Genius," by Francis Galton.

"I conclude that each generation has enormous power over the natural gifts of those that follow, and maintain that it is a duty we owe to humanity to investigate the range of that power, and to exercise it in a way that, without being unwise towards ourselves, shall be most advantageous to future inhabitants of the earth."—Ibid.

CHAPTER I.

Fifty years ago, on a stormy night in March, two gentlemen were seated in the elaborately-furnished drawing-room of one of the handsomest houses in the city of C.

It was easy to see that the speaker was master of the splendor around him. His companion listened with the pre-occupied air of one intent upon pressing duties and anxious to resume them.

A plain, rugged old man was Doctor Morris, blunt and candid, but his rare smile showed genuine love of humanity. Had you come as a suppliant, — a mother with young children, or a feeble widow—your first appeal for aid would have been to the plainly-dressed old man, not to the millionaire.

Intent upon the subject that interested him deeply, Mr. Hopelands continued his speech, unmindful or unconscious of Doctor Morris' air of pre-occupation.

"You see, doctor," he said, "that mine is a noble ambition — to found a family! How much greater than merely to found an empire! Romulus and

Rome! The one is now a myth for school-boys, and the other a city of effeminative priests. Ninevah, the greatest city of ancient times, a city that would be thought wonderful in our day—fifty-five miles in circumference! (Paris is only twenty-three, you know). Yet for hundreds of years even its site could not be ascertained. What honor now remains to Nimrod for all his labors? A few rare sculptures in the British Museum alone attest the existence of what was once the greatest city on earth and capital of its proudest kingdom.

"Babylon—'the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency,' 'the lady of kingdoms,'—is a heap of ruins, and Babylonia 'a desolation among nations.' It matters nothing now what in it was the work of Belus or of Nebuchadnezzar—all is utterly destroyed.

"Look now at the enduring results of Abraham's life—he founded a family! Where are his descendants not found? Truly they are like the stars in multitude, and how like him in character! The same faith that led Abraham to forsake country and friends and hold on to Canaan when he owned only a burying-place in it, continually wandering up and down, yet resting always in the promise that it should all belong to his children; see how it is reproduced in the Jews—clinging to a promise made nearly four thousand years ago—bound together and kept separ-

ate from the rest of the world by their inherited obstinacy, or faith—children of Abraham to this day.

"I hold that a man with any inherited gifts" (and here Mr. Hopelands drew himself up and glanced at a large mirror) "should aim to increase and perpetuate them for the benefit of mankind.

"Some men are content to accumulate a fortune, to produce a new invention, to expound a doctrine, to defend a theory; for myself—and you must aid me, doctor, in this—I think I have chosen the highest object in life."

"Ahem!" said the doctor, non-committally. "But my dear sir, you don't propose to found a family alone?"

"There is where I need your aid, of course, for all the future, but now I depend upon you especially. I have neither your skill in diagnosis, nor your opportunities for observation. I want you to select, from among those you have known well for years, the young lady who will best suit my great object."

"The objects of men in marriage differ so widely that I must trouble you to give me an exact list of your requirements."

"Well, in the first place, there must be no inherited taint—none in the family, in fact, since taints and traits descend indirectly. She must have a large, fine figure, a handsome, intelligent face; an excellent,

natural disposition, cheerful, amiable, and easily guided. She must have ability to control and direct a household—children and servants; style enough to entertain my guests, and sufficient knowledge of human nature, obtained through phrenological and physiological studies, to train and form the manners of my children; yet she must entertain no strong desire or need for general society; as your Bible says women should be keepers at home.

"And that reminds me that she must not be what is called a religious woman. I go to church myself occasionally; indeed, I own a pew in St. John's, but that answers well enough for Sundays; to have religion paraded before me all the week, in my own home, would be unendurable."

"Do you stipulate for *morality*, too?" asked the doctor, quietly.

"*Morality!* that is understood of course! What do you mean, doctor?"

"Simply that you want your wife to obey the Bible and possess all the Christian graces—without Christianity," was the answer.

"You mistake me widely, doctor. I believe in Christianity as the foundation of our government, and as a restraint for the masses. I know nothing better; but religion that is to control and intermed-

dle with my private life is priestly impertinence, such as I will not tolerate in my family."

"I will not attempt to argue the point, because it would be worse than useless; you are following your wish, not your judgment. But all the excellencies that have made my Mary the blessing of my own life are the outgrowth of heart-felt religion; all that sustains me under hard daily toil, and rasping trials is religion; and all the reward I get or hope for is through faith in God. But I will think over your wishes, and look around for your paragon. Now, I must be off."

Mr. Hopelands accompanied his friend to the door, and then returned and paced the spacious room slowly and thoughtfully, gradually straightening his fine figure untill he stood erect before the long mirror. Six feet four almost, massive in form, yet agile and strong, hair and eyes like night; a clear sun-browned skin, a narrow but high forehead; massive, firm set jaws, and lips always closed and compressed; nose almost Grecian; ears, hands and feet small enough to be noticeable on so grand a form, marked his patrician descent. The eyes were brilliant, yet deep set and rather close. If a physiognomist might have found fault with any part of the image in the mirror, assuredly Mr. Hopeland did not; his faith in himself and in his star was unbounded and during the

evening he paced the floor exultant, excited over the air-castles that rose at his command.

"Alexander conquered the world in his youth," he said aloud, "A man has but to be true to his purpose, and all things bend before him. I am; I have all that I could desire; I will be; will do all that I will. Will is omnipotent."

Doctor Morris drove through the storm to a small house on a quiet street, where the door was opened as his foot touched the sidewalk. "I am so thankful. Please come at once." Without a word the doctor followed the young girl to the room where a pale woman lay gasping for breath, a blood-stained handkerchief beside her.

"How long?" asked the doctor.

"For the last hour," she answered, as she showed him two other handkerchiefs soaked with the scarlet fluid.

The doctor added a few drops of medicine to a glass of water on the table and gave the sufferer a spoonful, gently placed another pillow to lift her higher; directed that a bottle of hot water should be put to the cold feet; warmed in his own the small, cold hands and then sat quietly down. Gradually the patient's breathing became easier until the exhausted woman slept. Then the doctor went down stairs into the hall and the daughter followed him.

"Have you no one in the house but your aunt?" he asked.

But at that moment came a tap at the door, and a young man with a frank, kindly face entered.

"Ah, Mr. McDonald! that is well. I want some man to be in the house to-night, so that if there is any return of hemorrhage he may come for me. Can you stay?"

"Certainly; it will be a pleasure to do anything in my power."

"Well, do not undress, just lie upon the sofa in the parlor, ready to come at once."

Then he turned to the young lady:

"Do not be anxious, my child; give the medicine every half hour, if your mother is awake; keep the feet warm, let everything be perfectly quiet; she may sleep the night through. Of course you or your aunt will watch beside her."

As soon as the doctor went, the young man took in his own the trembling hands, drew the slight form to him for a moment and kissed her forehead; then said, pityingly, "Now, my little one, I will watch here," and she hurried back to her post at the bedside of the invalid.

Only until midnight was the house quiet. Sleep had strengthened the mother for the last conflict, and it was short. The final triumph over suffering and

death was soon won ; but to the daughter it seemed only loss, defeat, utter ruin. Father, home, property had been lost long ago, and she had borne up bravely but now her all was taken from her ; life seemed desolate and hopeless, and she would not be comforted.

While the suffering mother was still sleeping Doctor Morris went to a large house on a fashionable street, and was shown into the r oom of a young man, when a professional nurse rose instantly to report.

"There has been no return of violence, sir. I have kept the bladder of ice on the head, and he seemed to sleep at times."

"Good, go on so ; give a little gruel if he rouses up."

The young man opened his eyes and said, "Doctor, brandy!"

"Never," said the doctor, decidedly, "not a drop. I've had hard work to save you, but one drop of that stuff would undo my work." He descended to the parlor, rang the bell and asked for Mr. Highbridge.

"Your son is doing very well," he said, "but do you know whether Brown is perfectly trustworthy?

"Oh yes, I think so, except with the sideboard," and Mr. Highbridge laughed jovially.

"Stay up stairs with your son then, or have your wife or one of the young ladies stay until another nurse comes. I will send a reliable woman at once,

and your waiter must assist her in the care of your son," said the doctor.

"But, my dear sir, why not keep Brown? he is a very civil fellow and seems to understond his business."

"You have yourself answered the question. You acknowledge that he is not to be trusted. No liquor must be near your son, even the breath of a wine drinker will excite this fearful appetite. You yourself must not take wine and then go to him. If you would save him you must not only keep all liquor from him now, but must at any cost of effort and self-denial, break his chains. He has been bound too long to free himself; his appetite has become a fierce tyrant, his power of self-control is gone. You, his father, to whom God has given the responsibility must do your utmost to undo the work of years."

"Don't you think that you are a little hard, doctor? So many young fellows have these attacks and then learn to drink moderately."

"You had best call in some physician in whom you have confidence; but I am anxious that you should save Willis. Yes, young men with no inherited fondness for liquor may learn self control; but recollect that Willis inherits from his grandfather a diminshed brain, and will-power; as well as a fierce appetite. Your father lived to mid-life because he inherited no

weakness, yet he died from brain troubles induced by liquor. By a natural law of heredity, this form of mania passed over you and descended to your son. It is my duty to tell you that in his case another attack would end in the grave or in an insane ayylum."

The florid gentleman was pale now, and profuse in apologies and promises.

A woman who had watched her husband under such attacks until she was almost glad to lay him in the quiet grave, took Brown's place by the bedside, and nursed him with a devotion born of pity for the suffering she so well understood. As Willis recovered, gratitude and confidence endeared her to them, and the feeling that she would watch over Willis made her presence invaluable to the father and mother. To the end of her life Mrs. Wood remained in their home, at first as housekeeper and then as a valued friend.

But it was a long, hard struggle for weeks. Nature had been so long outraged that all stamina, all power of healthy reaction seemed gone. Not even strength of will and purpose were left to uplift and energize the weak, tortured body. We who stand often by such sick-beds know that demonical possession was not restricted to the time of Christ's earthly mission. That often while the devil rends his victims sorely the physician can only stand powerless, praying that the

Divine power may speak as of old—"Come out of him, thou foul spirit and torment him not."

At last Willis Highbridge was able to ride out and in time to call upon his young lady friends; who all thought him *so* pale and interesting; but it was so strange that he would not even taste wine, when he used to be fond of it, and now needed it so much.

One young lady, a Southerner and an orphan, had flirted with Willis through the season's gayeties, but now his pallor, his feebleness, his subdued tone and manners touched her, and she surrendered impetuously.

The man who had wrecked his own life, who was powerless to control his own animal passions, went out from her home with the happiness and the eternal future of an innocent, loving girl in his weak, unholy hands.

She was building her nest very low.

CHAPTER II.

Six months from the night we first met Mr. Hopelands, on a lovely evening in May, St. John's church was crowded with beauty and aristocracy to witness his marriage to a lady as handsome and stately as himself. The finest-looking couple—every one said—that St. John's had ever seen. The same evening St. Paul's witnessed the marriage of Willis Highbridge to a pretty, slender girl, whose sweet face shone with love and trust as she left it, leaning on his arm. Back in the crowded church two young people, strangers to the fashionable throng, watched the ceremony with interest

The young girl, whose mother's death had left her homeless and almost penniless, had been glad to yield to the urgent entreaties of her old school-mate who came to her in her sorrow, with the sympathy that only an orphan like herself could give; and who needed a friend as much as Annie needed a home?

In the preparations for the wedding her taste and skill had been invaluable, and the money thus earned was to furnish Annie's own home, on which Mr. McDonald had just made the last payment.

The two wealthy brides had grand receptions and then went abroad, while Annie and Mr. McDonald bought their simple furniture, arranged it in their small house, and then, after the usual Wednesday night prayer meeting in the little mission church to which they belonged, were married and went quietly their own home, to begin life as they hoped to continue it—together.

* * * * * * * * *

Early in September the travellers returned, and each summoned Doctor Morris.

"I think you will find us in good condition, doctor, and Mrs. Hopelands certainly does credit to my care," said her husband. "But I would like you to give her some advice in her new condition. I presume it is not too early to begin care and regimen?"

"By no means. You have hit upon my favorite theory. It has been for years my dream that, when old or disabled for active work, I would write a book on pre-natal influences. The subject is so full of interest that almost unconsciously I have accumulated a mass of facts. Trifles, that otherwise I might have

overlooked, have been found to be real data, and they crystallized into theory.

"I see some new paintings that look as though you were trying the old Grecian plan to produce beauty. This copy of Murillo's 'Immaculate Conception' is a real gem. Old as I am, those babies are a constant delight to me; while the blended awe and trust in Mary's face and her very attitude seem to repeat, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word!'"

"Yes, doctor, and here is a fine engraving of the Apollo Belvidere; notice this marble Cupid! I allowed Mrs. Hopelands to see only the beautiful and grand; she lived among them; everything painful or degrading, everything sad, even, has been kept from her with scrupulous care; rest assured, she did not see Laocoön, nor Orestes and the furies. Now about her habits, her food and exercise; we need your experience."

"It has not seemed to me best to make any decided change in habits, unless they are far wrong," replied the doctor. "Mrs. Hopelands needs regular exercise and occupation, but they should be cheerful and not severe; she must never be overtasked either in mind or body. For food—what usually agrees best with her, avoiding, however, all rich, highly-seasoned food; not too much meat, better but once a day, and

then at lunch rather than at night. No hot dinners at night for her now, plenty of fruit morning and at noon, no pastry, nor rich cake. Above all things else, never a drop of wine or stimulant, ginger tonic, nor anything else with liquor in it,—the taste descends directly to the child.

"We wonder at the army of drunkards around us—marching steadily down to eternal death; we forget that until within a few years doctors ordered tonics with wine or brandy while the mother was carrying her child, and regular rations of beer when nursing.

"It rests in great degree with our mothers to arrest this fearful and growing evil. Yet it requires wonderful strength of character to abstain altogether from it. The tax upon their weakened energies is so great, they feel so faint, so spiritless, that we cannot estimate the temptation to them to find strength for pressing duties in stimulants. But far better that a woman should break down and die under her burden than that she should become the mother of a drunkard! I would prefer having Mrs. Hopelands use but little or no tea or coffee at present, but probably that is asking too much."

"Indeed it *is*, doctor," exclaimed the lady. "Why I *love* to eat, and now especially I am hungry all the time. I have been eating twice as much as usual; my

maid is an old, experienced nurse and she says that I must eat for two!"

"A great mistake! You want your child to be healthy and vigorous, and, therefore, will not feed it on spices and sweets; but you want it also to be not overgrown; you want to carry your burden without much difficulty, and bring it forth with as little suffering and danger as possible," replied the doctor. "A large body is not necessarily stronger than a smaller one. Recollect that Lyman Beecher, that old war-horse of temperance and Bible truth, was laid aside at birth as too puny to live; that after some hours of anxiety for the mother, a woman, happening to be at leisure, washed and dressed him for the grave. When he persisted in living they placed him in a quart cup to measure him, as we weigh babies now. 'It is a pity he didn't die,' they said; yet for nearly eighty-eight years he lived to show how great oaks from little acorns grow.

"He has been a wonderful power for good and left his impress on the world, ineffaceable, progressive; this too, spite of the food that made him a dyspeptic, and gave many years of gloom to a spirit naturally joyous as sunshine. He was brought up by an uncle, and afterwards described their bill of fare—for an active, growing boy!

" 'Our living was very good. Rye bread, fresh but-

ter, buckwheat cakes and pie for breakfast. We dined on salt pork, vegetables, and pies. We made a stock of pies at Thanksgiving, froze them for winter's use, and they lasted till March.'

"When he was suffering from heart-burn after eating pies, his aunt would say, 'Lyman, go into the milk room and get a piece of cake, you don't look *well!*' It was a story in those parts that when, years after, the old house was taken down, a lost pie was found under the pantry floor—the earthern pie-dish all decayed, but the pie-crust in perfect preservation. Through all this the wonderful vitality inherited from his father (and from a long line of virtuous, hard-working ancestors) preserved him."

"You remember, doctor, that Napoleon Bonaparte owed his wonderful energy to his mother's incessant activity—riding, to the very last, on horseback beside her husband," said Mr. Hopelands.

"Yes, that is warning enough," growled the doctor; "fortunately nature gives women a disinclination to violent exercise then, so that such monsters are rare. Mrs. Hopelands, I would advise regular exercise in the open air; walking is better than riding, as long as you feel able to walk, but I would have you ride daily, no matter what may be the weather or your feelings, and continue this even to the last; some of the easiest labors I have known began in the carriage. Always

go to rest early, keep regular hours and take plenty of sleep. But the most important factor in any human being is the soul. Let the mother cultivate every pure, spiritual growth she would wish to have reproduced in her child,—love, faith, gentleness, unselfiness, patience! It is a hard task—the world, the flesh and the devil will all oppose her; but the great Father will be on her side, and 'One with God is a majority.' Yes, I believe that the forming soul is in the mother's hands; they need to be often lifted heavenward."

"When did you turn priest, Doctor Morris?" demanded Mr. Hopelands. "I have great confidence in your judgment, not much in your theories. The mother gives only physical form to the child; the mind and soul come from the father. We will drop these items, if you please, from your consideration of the case; they will content me as they are."

The good doctor had forgotten to whom he was speaking; his last words had been uttered almost unconsciously. Now he raised his head and looked steadily at the pompous, self-satisfied man.

"I had forgotten that you wished to eliminate God from your calculation. Well, I have told you the truth; you can accept or reject it as you choose. I shall watch with interest your experiment. It would be an eminently wise one if you had not dropped

from it 'the *beginning* of wisdom.' For your sakes, and for your children, I hope it may prosper. Often we build better than we know."

"Believe me, doctor, I did not mean to displease you ; it is only that our theories differ."

"Necessarily, as they start from different premises," answered the doctor.

"And you will see Mrs. Hopelands once a week, regularly ?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"Decidedly, I do," said Mr. Hopelands, emphatically ; "there is no one in whose skill I place so much confidence, and this is the great object of my life."

CHAPTER III.

THE doctor's next visit was at the Highbridge mansion. The parents had persuaded the young wife to make her home with them, as the daughters were going abroad to school. Their real motive was fear to trust their son beyond their sight and care. Amiable, easy-tempered people, fond of good living and pleasure, they made her a cheerful home, and she had already begun to realize that her husband was too selfish to exert himself in any way for her happiness. Only fear of the consequences to himself controlled his desire for stimulants.

But the father had really heeded Doctor Morris' warning; wine was no longer placed on table or sideboard. His own dressing-room was the only place where he indulged himself, and there his son never went.

The doctor found young Mrs. Highbridge thin and pale; she had suffered much from nausea and sleep-

lessness, and now was nervous and irritable in the extreme.

When the doctor urged her to go out and try to interest herself in external objects, she declared that she could not leave her sofa, that she knew she would never get well, and had no desire to do so, as she had nothing to live for.

"Can't you give her some tonic, doctor?" asked the mother.

"Yes, I will give her—Mrs. McDonald."

Like a fresh breeze the happy young wife came into the dull, hopeless life of her friend. At her entreaty Mrs. Highbridge rode out, at first leaning languidly back against the cushions of the easy carriage. Soon the bright remarks of her friend drew her attention to the incidents and people on their way; and before a week had passed she was persuaded to leave the carriage in the park and explore some woodland path. In a few weeks they drove themselves in the pony phaeton, seeking out every spot of interest around the city, and appetite and color came back to the invalid. Sometimes she spent a day at the small house, its simple arrangements and the ease with which Annie McDonald prepared their meals, and then restored everything to its usual nice order, were a constant pleasure to her. It seemed like going back to childhood's doll-parties. She had always a

dreamy feeling that at the close of the day the old nurse would appear and take her home to her father and mother, to be again their petted darling.

So those days were to her life, like the warm, sunny ones that come to us occasionally in mid-winter, breathing of spring and awakening hope in the sad heart. Yes, the doctor's prescription had been as wise as Solomon's—"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

"Annie," said Cora, one day when they were alone, busily sewing at the same little work; "I like to buy and make these pretty things; I would even like to have a baby to love, though it must be no end of care, but I dread so the terrible time we must pass through. Think of carrying a load that grows heavier every day, that steals away all your life and vigor, that makes you nervous and cross with everybody, that makes you ashamed to meet old friends, ashamed even to have a stranger glance at you, or to look at yourself in the mirror. Willis says I look like a slouch; is it my fault? I can't breathe if my clothes are at all tight. When mother has invited guests I am obliged to make one of my Paris dresses meet; so I draw my corsets tight until my face is flushed and haggard. I go down-stairs and try to talk, but I cannot eat. I grow dizzy and faint, and then sick; I must slip off ignominiously; (everyone

knows why). My only relief is in a loose wrapper and complete rest. Now your dresses are not tight, but they look neat and yet do not show your figure as mine all do."

"I have altered them all under the arms," said Annie, laughingly, "every two or three weeks. I must do this. Later I shall wear shirred dresses, or skirts and sacques that can be worn loose, or belted in—the belt to be adjustable. Frank is so perfectly happy that I am determined to be as happy, too, as I can, and not mind little disagreeables."

"*Little!* when your corsets feel like iron, and you can neither sit nor lie down with any comfort?"

"My dear, I do not wear any. I have made underwaists with seams that I can let out; my one underskirt and dress-skirt are both buttoned to this, so that I do not suffer as much from back-ache and oppression as I did while the weight of my skirts rested on the waist. My dear aunt taught me this."

"That *is* sensible! A loose wrapper is very little relief when you have corset bones pressing into such sensitive parts."

"There are many forms of skirt supporters offered for sale, I tried one or two, but found none equal to auntie's old-fashioned plan of waists. On all my skirts I have put long bands, or yokes, with little plaits laid in them, that I let out as they become too

tight; originally, they were a yard long, but plaits on each side of the front button-holes, and just back of the side button-holes, make them fit. See, there is a button-hole in front, one on each side and one at the back, and strong buttons on the under-waists. Some people prefer safety-pins, but I find buttons easier to manage. We have the same good doctor; probably he told you, as he did me, that we must not eat rich food, keep late hours, or have any excitement. Frank is very careful not to let me lift anything heavy. He is always up first, kindles the fire in my cook-stove, carries out the ashes and sweeps porch and pavement. All the coal and water he carries. But, best of all, he is always cheerful and kind. You see, dear Cora, it is not of ourselves that we need to think most. I have read about the formation of the mind and body, and my great care is that the dear little child, that we hope will be the joy of our home, may be all that we could wish it to be, for our sakes, for the good it may do, and for its eternal future. Every day I pray for gentleness and patience and sweetness, for the dear baby's sake. I try earnestly to be happy and keep cheerfully busy, so that I shall have no time to brood over bad feelings or to anticipate trouble. I have not read a single novel, they are too exciting; but I have read much in the books of those grand thinkers, George and Andrew Combe,

and now I am reading 'Tyler's Universal History.' I like books full of information. Coleridge, Cowper, and Wadsworth soothe me when I feel restless. I had scarcely read any thing of theirs since I was required to read them aloud evenings to the collected little ones and mother. They used to seem to me dull ; now I like quiet things. Frank reads to me every evening while I sew, or rest on the lounge ; he even stays with me from prayer-meeting when I am too tired to go. He is anxious that I should be always cheerful, so that baby may have a bright, sunny disposition. That is a greater blessing even than health ; and vigorous, buoyant health seems to stand at the top of all earthly blessings, certainly far above wealth, or any merely material good. "Indeed it *does !*" exclaimed Cora; "what would I not give to be full of life and elasticity, as I was a year ago ? to walk with the springy, bounding step that made exercise an invigorating pleasure ? to eat with the relish of appetite, to sleep the long, dreamless peaceful sleep of girlhood ? Now exercise is painful, food distasteful, and often I am 'full of tossings to and fro until the dawning'—I found that in one of David's psalms last Sabbath, and it afforded a little comfort to know that he had suffered from wearisome nights."

"Did you ever read the life of Rev. Robert Hall ?" asked Annie. "He was always sunshiny, full of life

and energy, and constantly busy, except when in intense pain from life-long spinal trouble. Often he was obliged to lie on the carpet to write his books and sermons; the pain in his back compelled him to move constantly from side to side, so that only the floor gave him room enough, yet his brave spirit kept him useful and happy to old age. Friends and strangers alike wondered at his cheerfulness, for he always carried sunshine with him. Such lives make me strong to bear my own little pains. Frank takes great care to select from the library such books as will help me—bright, sunny ones, none with exciting incidents or gloomy views of life. Always a hymn of trust or praise and a pslsm read by Frank, closes the pleasant evening; and I sleep—yes, always, for if restless at first Frank strokes my forehead slowly—mesmeric passes you know—until I fall asleep."

Mrs. Highbridge sighed; "yes, you are very happy, Annie" she said.

"But, dear Cora, you could not be happy so, this little home-work would be a burden to you, and you would miss the luxuries to which you are accustomed; believe me it is far better as it is. Frank waits on me because his own mother was poor and in delicate health, and he learned home-work that he might assist her. When we have made our fortune we will hire servants as Mr. Highbridge does."

"But you can't go on so! Soon you will not feel able to go about your house," said Cora.

"I have an excellent nurse engaged, an old friend who will help Frank with the work, as well as take care of me. She will stay with me until I am strong again. Indeed, it is better for me to have this light work; it keeps my mind pleasantly occupied and gives me gentle exercise. Where a mother lies constantly on the sofa, or indulges in indolence, her child is likely to be feeble as well as indolent. Ask Mother Highbridge and your husband to help you to be cheerful, to go with you for execise, to help you watch over your health; they may not have thought of it, so many good and kind people never do. It is difficult to put yourself in the place of another so as to realize her wants, especially so for a man to understand a woman's ntaure and constitution.

"Besides these are modern ideas. Doctor Morris is an advanced thinker, and my husband likes his theories. Get the doctor to tell them to Mr. Highbridge."

"Why should I?" answered Cora fretfully; "it would be useless; he will take no interest in such troubles."

"Please, Cora, dear," said Annie, "don't sew that lace on the little cambric skirt, it has entirely too much figure; you can't imagine how *creepy* it would feel to a delicate baby skin. Indeed, you will be

shocked, but I wouldn't put a bit of trimming on anything that comes next to the skin ; half the fretting of children is caused by it and pins. I'll have no pins, just strings to the little bands and skirts. See these nice baricoats fastened the same way."

"What soft, lovely flannel ; but that is not very economical," said Cora.

"I think it the best economy," returned the other, "because it washes best; besides the touch will be soothing, not irritating, to the rose-leaf skin. See what a nice dressing-basket I have—large and flat, so as not to upset under any provocation."

"Just what I shall need!" exclaimed Cora ; "but didn't you dislike to ask for it?"

"No, I have bought all that I shall need, because after awhile, when my form has changed I *might* be ashamed to ask for such things, now I feel and act as though I were buying for some one else. I shall line this basket with pink French cambric, because it washes so well. It will have pockets at the sides and both sewed fast to the lining at the bottom, so that it will be easy to take it off and wash it ; the bottom is quilted on muslin and thin wadding, so that no pins can slip through. Then I make a pincushion of curled hair and fill it with pins large and small, especially half a dozen of nurse and bandage pins, about three inches long. In the pockets I shall put

safety pins large and small, sharp scissors without points, soft cord or braid, old linen handkerchiefs and fine soap ; baby-brush and comb, wash-rags and soft sponge. In the basket itself will be powder-box, with puff-ball, and the first suit—shirt, band, baricoat, little night dress and baby-blanket; a few soft napkins and table-cloth of old linen that auntie has given me, and about a yard of Canton flannel to wrap baby in before it is washed and dressed.

"Auntie told me to select soft diaper for baby, to hem it months beforehand, and use it for towels so that it might be very soft. She said that a lovely friend of hers had no rest with her first baby ; her doctor tried in vain to cure its terrible chafing ; as soon as she took it she saw that all the trouble lay in the stiff napkin."

"Well, I never could remember half you have told me," said Cora ; "you must show me the basket after you have finished it."

"Wouldn't it be better to take the large carriage to-morrow and get your basket, trimmings and contents ?" said Annie. "I can go with you then, as Frank will be away from town on business. If you wish I will go home with you, and we can easily line and fill it in the afternoon. Have you much of your shopping done ?"

"Not half. I have hated to do it," said Cora.

"Then ask Mother Highbridge to help you make out a list and go with us to-morrow; she will take more interest in your work, and in your sufferings, too, if she helps you. Talk to her freely, Cora dear, and remember that it will be her first grandchild, and a source of great pride and pleasure to them both. Assume this at once, and lean upon her kindness. It will be as good for her as for you. Now that your sisters are abroad, she has a great deal of leisure that she will be happier to spend on you, for Mrs. Wood relieves her entirely of the housekeeping. She is motherly and warm-hearted; do not hesitate to tell her every ache and pain, and let her comfort you. We women are so dependent upon affection! Often sympathy lifts half the burden that without it seemed unendurable."

In the purchase and arrangement of the pretty things, the sad young wife began to realize that her cloud had a silver lining. Mother Highbridge bought, with pride and pleasure, a handsome chiffonier for the young wife's sitting-room; and as the dainty garments accumulated in it, she spent hours in folding and placing them, taking up bright little sacques and socks, and dreaming of the time when a tiny form should fill them. So by degrees she came to think less of her own uncomfortable feelings, and more of the treasure that was to be hers some day.

CHAPTER IV.

"Are you not allowing Mrs. Hopelands to exert herself too much?" asked Doctor Morris, as he met the lady hanging on her husband's arm, heavy-eyed and listless, at a crowded exposition.

"We are only studying the art-gallery, doctor, and the floral display," replied that gentleman. "See this exquisite figure; we have looked at it for nearly an hour."

"The exquisite figure before me interests me far more," said the doctor. "Take her home, my friend, and let her rest; she looks utterly exhausted."

A grateful smile thanked him. "I'm dead-tired, doctor," she half-moaned.

"Yes, let her have a long, quiet sleep; she needs it."

"I feel as though I could sleep forever," said the lady.

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Hopelands, in a vexed tone;

"nothing rouses her ambition. She used to have life enough, but has become a perfect clod."

"Is your carriage at the door?" asked the doctor. "I will go to it with you."

"No, I insisted upon her walking; she has become so averse to taking any exercise."

"Wisely so, just now," answered the doctor; "I will stay with her while you get a carriage, or you can take her home in the stage that passes the door. Let her have a long, quiet sleep. Do not let her be awakened on any account, and I will call this evening. I must see her *after she has rested*, to know whether this unusual depression is entirely the result of fatigue."

"Have you forgotten the analogy of nature's growth to the growth of human life?" asked the doctor of Mr. Hopelands that evening, after careful questioning had satisfied him that the harm to his patient was only incipient. "Winter is a time of eternal rest, earth is dormant because preparing for the luxuriance of spring. While gentle exercise is beneficial to Mrs. Hopelands, violent, or long-continued exercise, exhausts the forces, as well as diverts them from the important work toward which you want to have all her powers directed. You have apparently forgotten some of the principles urged by the phrenologists whom you once said you have studied. External rest

often promotes internal activity. Could Shakespeare have wrought out his grand and delicate fancies if he had been obliged to support his family by chopping wood?"

"You forget Burns, doctor, and Oliver W. Holmes," said Mr. Hopelands.

"Nobody could make me believe that 'Old Ironsides,' 'The Last Leaf,' and 'The Funny Man,' were written while Doctor Holmes was exhausted by incessant work, or his brain busied and perplexed with critical cases; evidently *some* of his poems were so written. Poor Burns! what might he not have done but for poverty and drink? But comparisons aside. To accomplish your great object Mrs. Hopelands must be kept in full health and vigor, or you may frustrate your own efforts. See how bright she is after rest! The depression was the result of fatigue; but this fatigue, frequent and long-continued, would soon exhaust her vital powers, so that she would have no surplus to transmit. The mind, too, as you have seen, suffers with the body; overtasked in any way, she may transmit a weak, sluggish nature."

"Your old theory again, doctor. Why even your Bible contradicts you—listen, 'And breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and MAN became a living soul.'"

"Woman has none then! Your belief has the weight of antiquity and numbers. The larger part of the people on this globe have held it for ages."

"None, except as transmitted through man. My child will be in heart and mind a Hopelands. It will probably resemble its mother in form and face; and should it be a girl it cannot do better. Here is an extract I like; let me read it to you.

" 'Our race seems singled out by Providence to replenish the earth. The probability is that one thousand years hence, should the world last so long, the Anglo-Saxon race will be, if not the only one, at all events so far the dominant one that other races will be merely insulated or subordinate. Consequently, while foreigners may calculate on their pedigrees becoming extinct, and their characteristics becoming extinct with them, each Anglo-Saxon must look forward to becoming the progenitor of a future population, handing down his defects of body and mind to millions and millions of descendants.'

"For 'defects' read 'excellencies,' and you have my exact idea, and again—

" 'Some families are endowed with natural advantages, and some others with natural disadvantages, these are transmitted by inheritance, like color and size in animals; and therefore all persons who marry, with a prospect of having children, take upon

themselves a great responsibility, because by perpetuating these gifts or blemishes, they increase so far the happiness or misery of the race.'

"You see I am right in urging Mrs. Hopelands to perpetuate energy and beauty."

"Right in your end, wrong as to means. If you were hoping for a foot-racer or a Hercules, you might try this; but strength, if thus developed, would be at the expense of other powers. You must remember too, that the mother will need a reserve force of strength for the birth and nourishment of the child. It will not answer to have her overtasked. To carry out your plans you will need the mother's milk for your child; there is no complete substitute for it. Mrs. Hopeland's milk will develop a finer baby than that of any wet nurse you can get, since the milk imparts much of the health and habits of the nurse. The Chinese prize breast milk so highly that wealthy people have their boys nursed until nine years old, and keep wet nurses in their houses to be ready for sickness or invalid old-age. You want your child to have a well-balanced nature. Undue activity will produce nervous irritability and consequent depression in the mother, and will thus act directly upon the child's nervous system. To prevent this, nature has given to the mother the desire and capacity for more sleep then. Every woman carrying a child

should (when at all possible) take a nap in the daytime ; certainly she ought to lie down often, if only for a few moments at a time, to rest the overburdened muscles. She ought to move leisurely, to live in a tranquil atmosphere, to avoid all unrest and annoyance, all discontent, fear and repining ; they directly affect the child. If, as Ruskin says, 'Every good and loving thought that we entertain writes itself directly on the face,' how much more clearly will it be traced on the plastic infant ? While Mrs. Hopelands takes daily exercise with you, she needs also hours of quiet and solitude ; hours to rest, to dream, to brood over her little one as the bird broods over her nest. It is a wonderful work of creation. We can do nothing directly, but indirectly much. At no other time does a woman so much need sympathy and patience as at such a time, and never are they so abundant in good results.

"We can watch the mother's health,can keep much annoyance and trouble from her ; cheerful and thoughtful for her comfort,we can help her to rise above the sense of physical discomfort, so that the child may be cheerful and brave. We can keep her in an atmosphere of peace and love, that the child may be loving and sunshiny. You are fond of chemistry, would you expect perfect crystals to form in a troubled fluid ? There is something holy in maternity, and a pure in-

stinct is often given to guide the mother; we must respect this. But I must practice as well as preach. Let me advise Mrs. Hopelands to go at once to rest and we will talk our subject out. Good night, madam, and try to sleep."

"Doctor" said Mr. Hopelands after the lady had gone, "you don't believe the absurd stories about fright affecting unborn children?"

"I do not need to believe what I know, my own observation is conclusive here, and medical record confirm it fully. Why was James VI. so afraid of sword and dagger that he would tremble at sight of either, and felt safe only in a dress so quilted as to be dagger proof? His mother was brave enough and his father no coward; Rizzio's murder injured the babe more than it did the mother; her terror was only for her lover.

I could cite medical or historical cases all night, but will speak only of what I myself have seen. A patient of mine was badly nourished and longed for some calf's-head soup; she earned their support by sewing, but her brute of a husband would not bring the meat. Again and again he took the money only to spend it in drink. Finally, vexed at her importunities, he brought home a head, and coming behind her threw it on the table where she sat at work. When the baby was born, the whole head was that of a calf.

So faithful are some women, that I could get the story from her only by telling her that I must give the facts, and get authority to destroy the little monster.

Carelessness alone, lost an only child where one had long been prayed for ; it came with a rabbit's head.

One lady, somewhat like Mrs. Hopelands, stately and calm, had gone out riding with her husband ; she waited on the top of the hill while he went down into the valley to his mill. Talking to the miller he carelessly wrapped a red silk handkerchief around his wrist ; as he came out it seemed, from where she sat, to be covered with blood. Her baby's beautiful arm was disfigured by a deep red stain ; she is a woman now, but must always keep it closely covered.

"One child, crying in the distance with a berry-stained face, made a similar permanent stain on the baby of another family. A highly educated and sensible lady, walking dreamily through woods in autumn, was startled by a dry leaf falling on her cheek. Involuntarily she put up her hand to brush it away ; it was reproduced exactly on the face of her only daughter It is very common to see cherries and strawberries upon children—proof that the mother ought to have every reasonable wish gratified when possible—but one baby was born with a dark cape covering its entire back. A friend going South had

called to say good bye to the mother; leaving hurriedly she left the cape of her cloak, and as she was in poor health, and had gone directly to the New-Orleans packet, the mother was distressed. She ordered her carriage and was driven rapidly to the river; the boat was just leaving and the coachman tossed the cape on board. She watched it as it fell, and just as it spread out on the deck was the mark on her boy.

"My Mary went down cellar at night, and put her hand on a high shelf to reach something; to her horror it clasped a mouse. She thought at once of her baby and resolutely overcame the shock, not allowing her mind to dwell upon it. Several times she was behind runaway horses. Once her hand was badly marked by a heavy sack falling upon it. and our children have had several alarming accidents, yet none of our babes were marked. I am inclined to think that by recollecting her child and controlling herself, a mother can generally prevent birth-marks.

"Another accident not very rare, is the twisting of the cord around the limb or arm, sometimes even around the neck. This is caused by reaching above the head or by lifting a heavy burden (a small pile of empty flower pots lifted by the mother nearly caused a child to strangle in the birth.) A woman in maternity should never mount a step-ladder, step

down from a high place, run up and down stairs, or spring from a carriage. When I see a man sit in the carrige and allow his wife to spring out unassisted I cannot help pitying the ignorance or carelessness by which he is sure to cause her severe suffering and probably to shorten her life.

"An aristocratic family kept an infant concealed—its right arm had been cut off by the cord. They were rich enough to buy it a golden member, as Miss Kilmansegg did ; but their great trial was the shame they felt that they must be subject to accident like ordinary mortals. Think what a real distress such a mutilation wonld be in a family where daily bread must be earned by daily labor!

"But more interesting even than the physical are the mental influences. Dr. Gardner mentions a case of interest as to created talent, that came under his own observation. When Jenny Lind first came to this country, Mrs. S., a lady of high refinement and love of music, but with no musical talent, was extremely anxious to hear her, and went, regardless of her change of form. She enjoyed it highly and thought of nothing else. Her husband took her to every concert even to the very last one, though she almost feared to go. Two days after a little girl was born with a remarkable talent for music and a very sweet voice. When only eighteen months old she

could carry a simple air correctly. As she grew up this talent was cultivated, and proved a rich treasure. The next daughter, born without this musical stimulus, showed only the taste for music that her father and mother possessed, but no talent.

"So satisfied am I of the wonderful power of prenatal influences, that we have not only watched carefully through the nine months, but have been careful not to become parents except when both were mentally and physically at our best," said the doctor.

"Ah, that explains! We have always admired the sweet dispositions and well-balanced minds of your children; and yet, doctor, your temper is quick and you are inclined to be crotchety. Mrs. Morris is a model lady."

"Then you grant that they have inherited their superior spiritual natures from their mother? It reminds me that the father of Tasso said of him at sixteen, that he showed himself worthy of his mother. Buffon used to say that he derived all his mental qualities from his mother, and held it as a principle that children usually inherit their intellectual and moral qualities from their mothers. But we have equally strong cases of mental inheritance from the father, more numerous indeed than from the mother; probably because woman's opportunities for education were formerly much limited, and her time as mother

and housekeeper must be frittered away on petty details. But the law of inheritance from both parents is certain. It is a solemn truth that when God, in describing his character to Moses, adds 'visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children.' He simply states a psychological law. A fit of anger, or selfishness, or gloom, on the part of either parent, may ruin a child's disposition for life. It seems to me that one reason why Christ used the marriage relation as a type of his relation to the church, is that He might teach us conversely to show the same unselfish love. Indeed, St. Paul says, 'Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the church and gave *Himself* for it.' "

"You expect perfection, doctor, from what you call 'poor, frail, weak, human nature.' "

"Not from every one. Many are content to creep along the valleys, but whoever would climb Mont Blanc must lay aside every weight and go steadily upward. Your object is so noble that only noble effort can attain it I presume Mrs. Hopelands is asleep; if she is, let me advise you to take a separate room to-night, as any light would waken her, and it is far easier to fall asleep again when long sleep has quieted the nerves and rested the weary frame, than it is if wakened soon after falling asleep. We try to act upon this principle with all our patients, dispens-

ing even with needed medicine for still more needed sleep. Mrs. Hopelands' system is really much depressed. She needs entire rest for awhile. How late it is! Good night; you see that my hobby has quite carried me away."

CHAPTER V.

THE two friends were seated together in the little parlor that Cora Highbridge had always thought so homelike and sunny; but gradually the young lady had become silent, and her frequent sighs distressed her friend.

"Cora, dear," said Annie, "Auntie has sent me a letter that I would like to read to you, if you are willing. Her mother died while she was a mere child and left a sealed package, marked—'For my Annie; not to be opened until she is thinking of marriage.' May I read it?"

"Certainly, if you will be so good," answered Cora, with awakened interest, and Annie read:

"'*My precious daughter:*

"'You are giving up yourself to another, and now your life wll be no longer all your own. If you cannot trust him fully, if your heart is disquieted—stop;

and rest assured that this will be wise. Single life may be very happy in affection and usefulness, or in the cultivation of our powers and talents. But married life without love and esteem on both sides may be wretchedly unhappy. I once heard a married lady describe hers as 'five years of hell on earth.' Even good people are not always just and unselfish, and human love is a frail reed.

"'Should you learn this too late, do not despair; it may be God's furnace for your alloy, and your only road to Heaven. Take the precious promises: "Thy Maker is thy husband," "The Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and as a wife of youth when thou wast refused, saith thy God." "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." Read Hosea II. 14-20: Live for God—"None of them that trust in Him shall be desolate."

"'Should all your hopes be realized, yet do not cling to earth and make it your all. Think how frail are all earthly ties. "Thus saith the Lord, cursed be the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm and whose heart departeth from the Lord; for he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh, but shall inhabit the parched

places in the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited." "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is; for he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green, and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."

" 'Mother longed to live that she might aid and guide you in this untried journey; but since it is the will of God that you be left alone, as she was, she prays the Father of the orphan to be with you, to comfort, direct, and bless you; prospering you that your way may be safe, and as pleasant as an *upward* way can be, for her earnest prayer for you is that, whether you find or miss a real home on earth, you may meet her in the eternal home.

" 'Begin your married life with prayer and carefulness. You are testing and helping to form your husband's yet untried character. Never yield to anger in his presence, nor descend to reproaches. Nor do I think it best to use entreaty—it makes a wife a slave. It seems to me that a quiet dignity, expecting and taking her rights without question, is better far than the meek submission generally preached to wives—*that* seldom fails to make a man selfish and tyrannical. Nor can we long love or respect one who treats us

as children and trifles with our feelings in order that he may have the pleasure of soothing them.

"'As you hope to go down the hill of life leaning—in the confidence of tried love—on your husband, as you will wish your children to honor their father, do not flatter him or seem to approve his faults in order to avoid irritating him. How then can you correct the same faults in your children? how avoid the responsibility if the father becomes in his old age the terror of his home, the contempt of his children? Wordsworth had the same view of woman's duty. He describes his "Phantom of delight," as

> "'"A being breathing thoughtful breath,
> A traveler between life and death;
> The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill:
> A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, comfort, and command;
> And yet a spirit still, and bright
> With something of an angel light."

"'An ancient writer said: "God created woman, not from man's head—to rule over him; nor from his feet—to be inferior to him; but from his side—to be his equal; and near his heart—to be dear to him."

"'Remember that you are God's child as truly as your husband is, no matter what his professions may be; and it is as much his duty to consult your happiness as it is yours to minister to his. Yet be always

kind and unselfish. Whatever you may meet of wrong or unkindness, be careful to show no sulkiness; be ready to oblige and always polite, even though you cannot be affectionate or even friendly. Above all, pray the loving Father that no thorn may rankle and fester in your heart and destroy your happiness, perhaps shorten your life. Do all as in God's sight. This has strengthened me often "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance, for ye serve the Lord Christ."

"'To a woman, marriage means suffering. Be not discouraged; it is the common lot. From the moment your child's life begins you will suffer. Some suffer from constant nausea; nearly all from sleeplessness. There are natural remedies for all these which a good physician will advise if you do not know them yourself, but do not hesitate to tell all your bad feelings to your trusted medical friend. A child should be "a woman's crown of glory," not a shame. Guard well your health, spirits, and temper. They are of the first importance from the very beginning. You will be tempted to overwork yourself in order to get your house in nice order and your sewing done up before your illness. But I pray you remember that you are forming a child that shall live

when houses and clothes are dust; yes, when "the earth and all the works therein shall be burned up." Your temper, spirits, and health descend to your child. Some careful mothers who have time for culture, study fine paintings and statuary then, and aim to have only objects of beauty and harmony near them. Others attend to music and painting, or the study of science or literature for the purpose of mental improvement. Let your aim be to form a *noble soul*. A systematic endeavor to improve one's self helps toward this. Some one asked Michael Angelo, "Why do you take so much pains over trifles?" He answered, "I work for eternity." Say now to your husband, "I know that our child will inherit my present temper. I am very sorry that this law of nature is inexorable, for this illness makes me unusually nervous, irritable and gloomy. Do be patient with me, and help me to control myself for our child's sake. Cheer me up and keep me good-tempered if possible, until its well-being is secured."

" 'Go out of doors and enjoy all you can; breathe fresh air; read nothing gloomy or exciting; be with cheerful people if possible; laugh and forget all past troubles and fears of the future; trust them all to Him who said, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

" 'If anything startles or alarms you, think of your

child and try to be calm. Do no not put your hands to your face when suddenly shocked or distressed; you may give it a birth-mark where your hands rest. Do not lace at all; it often causes deformity. Have a silk or some dark wollen dress for the street, with plaits that you can let out as needed; for the house, wear skirts and sacques.

" 'Bathe the breasts each day with cold water and rub them well with a coarse towel. Southern ladies say that by wearing (pinned inside the chemise) a piece of coarse muslin, such as negroes wear, they harden them for use. Should the nipples crack in nursing, use camphor ice. Two months beforehand keep slippery elm bark near you and chew it often, it makes labor easier; also during that time rub the whole abdomen daily with Oil of Sweet Almonds, or pure Vaseline; this will relieve the stiffness and sense of tightness that makes it difficult to move, and also to allow the skin to stretch without breaking. Be regular in your habits or you may suffer from piles; use no cathartics; if necessary to keep the bowels free take enemas of tepid water. Use fruits rather than much meat, unless you suffer from diarrhœa; regulate yourself by food easy of digestion, not by medicine. Take no rich or indigestible food, no hot suppers, but eat farinaceous articles and fruit freely, yet do not over eat, for that is worse than moderation

—it is quality and substance that count rather than quantity. You need your flesh and strength kept up by nourishing food nnd moderate out-door exercise.

"'Count forty weeks from the time of conception, if you know it; if not, from the last period. Should pain come on too soon, go to bed and keep quite still. Secure a good nurse six months beforehand. She will direct you about the care of yourself, your own clothes and those of the child, and the arrangement of the bed. Keep her at least a month, if in consequence you cannot have a new dress for a year; the first confinement requires great care, as any accident or trouble then would be likely to recur again. Have everything that will be needed at hand, and so arranged that there can be no confusion or trouble when hurried. At the first sign of labor send at once for the nurse, lie down or walk about as you like until she comes. A first labor is rarely short; not until the pains recur every few minutes is the end near. When the bed is prepared lie on your left side, low enough in the bed to have your feet press against the footboard when the pains come on; but do this only toward the last, or you will exhaust yourself unnecessarily; it is indeed *labor*. Have a small pillow, basted into a tight roll, placed between your knees. I know that some physicians advise lying on the back—*but they never bore a child.* With my first I lay thus, and

can even now recollect the terrible pain in the back; with the other five I lay always on the left side and thus avoided much of that suffering.

"'Select your doctor with care, and then dismiss all idea of shame or delicacy: there is no exposure. Of course have a well-educated and experienced woman physician, if you can find one. It will be a great blessing to women when medical colleges will give us—in the hour of our sorest need—a physician who has herself suffered, and so can understand the pains and the needs we are too ill to express.

"'Ask the doctor to make an examination at once; if the presentation is right, there will be no difficulty; if not, insist upon having it made right. The pain this causes will be nothing compared with what you would suffer otherwise, and you might not be safe. I forgot to say that if the bowels have not been moved that day you will do well to take an enema before the doctor comes; this aids the labor and allows you to wait several days for a natural passage.

"'Now try to be tranquil. My old doctor told me that out of twelve hundred cases he did not lose one; the real danger is afterward, from fever or exhaustion. Trust in God. Remember that He created woman for maternity, that thus Christ Jesus came into the world, and that He must have a special pity for mothers. That you do not suffer alone, that every mo-

ment some one is being born, and that soon you will forget even this anguish in "joy that a man is born into the world."

"'When the bed is arranged after the child is born, let the doctor lift you to the head of the bed; make no effort yourself. Keep very quiet be neither joyful nor afraid, trust in God and sleep all you can. See no stranger and do not leave the bed for nine days. An old English physician charged his sister on her leaving for America—a bride—"never be delivered off the bed and never let the physician leave you without taking away the after birth." This should come in about fifteen minutes.

"'Have your baby sleep in its crib. Do not nurse it oftener than once in three hours at first, and later widen the interval to four, through the day, and but once or twice at night. Have it sleep between soft blankets, and watch that it is well covered.

"'Exercise the same care and self-control over temper, and spirits, while nursing that you did while carrying your child; and, above all things else train it for immortality.

"'May God bless you and your children, making you and them blessings to the world and to each other, and an added joy and glory to heaven.

"'"I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee; Lord, I rest in this promise; Amen."'"

Cora had wiped away frequent tears, but now they fell like rain, a refreshing summer shower.

"Oh I will try to be patient and brave, I will indeed," she said earnestly, "I had just such a mother, she bore me in pain and sorrow, and when pain and sorrow are over will welcome me home. I will trust in God, and try, for her dear sake, to bear whatever he may send me."

"Yes," said Annie, warmly, "for their dear sakes and for the 'great cloud of witnesses' of which the apostle speaks when he exhorts us to patient effort. How many millions of Christian woman have borne bravely what we endure and dread; no trial can lie before us that some woman has not met and overcome. And since any courage and faith and hope, that we now exercise, will descend to our children—an enduring inheritance that no change of fortunes can take from them—we have the highest of all motives to become Christ-like. Sometimes too, it seems to me that we are like children in the dark, terrifying ourselves with imaginary dangers; probably half the troubles we dread now, will disappear in the light of experience. Anyhow, between us and the Promised Land lies a raging sea, there is no inland path for us, and I mean to follow the order bravely—'Speak unto the children of Israel that they go *forward!*'"

CHAPTER VI.

THE dead-latch key clicked in the door of the little hall and Archie came in with Doctor Morris.

"This is an unexpected treat to see both ladies at once," said the doctor, after the usual greetings; "I was just passing when Mr. McDonald invited me in."

"Ah, Archie! He didn't tell you, doctor, how I frightened him this morning?"

"How, if you please?" asked the doctor.

"First, what did he tell you?" persisted Annie.

"O, a ridiculous story about your fainting. I knew you never fainted, but the foolish fellow insisted on bringing me in."

"A *wise* fellow, doctor. It was a question of future dinners. I had taken my usual cold bath about an hour before dinner time, and when Archie came in—*so* hungry! behold a cold stove, no dinner, and the cook on the lounge! I had promised him his favorite pudding, too; no wonder he didn't want to risk another such loss."

"It is certain that the cook must dispense with cold baths for some months at least; don't resume them until I advise you. I have known several cases of severe trouble from them. During the winter, sponge the whole body twice a week with tepid water, to which you may add a teaspoonful of pulverized borax or carbonate of soda, or ammonia. Use soap as usual. Bathe in a warm room and cover each part of the body, if possible, as soon as bathed; use a coarse Turkish towel to produce friction without much effort, and rub each part as bathed until it glows. Unless you feel warm afterward it does you harm. To prevent taking cold, it is well to rub in a little sweet oil. Even this careful bathing is sometimes too much and must be done in cases like yours not too often—your habits are good—once a week is enough. I met with an anecdote yesterday that made me think of you, Annie."

"Of me! was it *very* bad?"

"Epictetus, when sorely treated by his master, Epaphroditus, smiled, and told him he would break his leg with twisting it. This actually did occur, yet he remained calm. To spectators who wondered at this he replied: 'The body is external.'"

"Yes, I understand, we must be careful not to abuse the *external* now, but how about the internal? Cora and I want to study hard. Shall we have faint-

ing fits after 'Guizot's History of Civilization?'" asked Annie.

"An excellent authority—Doctor Madden—says, 'Every pursuit which ennobles the mind has a tendency to invigorate the body, and by its tranquilizing influence to add to the duration of life,'" replied the doctor.

"Good! and if we become authors?" asked Annie.

"That is still more hopeful," answered the doctor. "I happen to have a memorandum here that answers you. Galen wrote three hundred volumes and lived to 100 years; Zeno, the founder of the Stoic school to 98; Zenophon to 90; Beza to 86; Hobbes to 91; Goethe to 82; Titian to 96; Michael Angelo to 89; Fontanelle, the most universal genius that Europe has produced—for forty-three years secretary of the Academy of Sciences in Paris—lived with unimpaired faculties to 100 years; John Wesley to 88; Franklin to 85; Chalmers to 83; Herschel to 84, and his sister Caroline who worked with him, with all the energy and endurance of—yes, a *woman*—lived to the age of nearly 98, with her mind bright and clear. Hannah Moore, the writer among the sisters, outlived the other four, dying at 89. The list might be extended indefinitely, showing the power of an active mind to sustain and vitalize the body. Still I don't advise you ladies to attempt too much. It was a say-

ing that 'Fine old leisure aided to produce Grecian beauty.' You must choose your studies with care, since you are not forming your own minds alone. A noted scientist wrote: "Two competent authorities—Sir A. Carlisle and Mr. Knight—say that they have gathered from old teachers the observation that the children of mathematicians learn mathematics most readily; of those who were fond of languages, language most readily. Fondness for writing is hereditary. In some families all the best thoughts come through the pen—as the Adams', D'Isreali's, the Senecas. With the Pitts and Foxes legislative talent was hereditary, and in the family of Porson, the Greek scholar, a memory so wonderful that it passed into a proverb—the 'Porson Memory.' Raphael's father and Vandyke's mother were painters.' The conclusion he reaches from his varied research is, 'Genius rarely descends, talent generally does.'"

"We have, no doubt, plenty of talents to transmit," said Annie, sententiously; "the only question is—*which?*"

"Perhaps it is as well to alternate," replied the doctor. "While it is certain one talent well cultivated, or one pursuit closely followed, gives a man most success in life, it is equally certain that this produces a man of one idea. For the full development of the faculties, and the full enjoyment of life, my plan of

varied talents is best. But I think you do not need me at present to minister to either mind or body. Good night. Mrs. Highbridge, you will have to adopt the rules about bathing that I gave Mrs. McDonald. You are less able than she to endure a cold bath or even a frequent one."

"Wait one moment, doctor," said Annie, impulsively. "I have thought much of what Mrs. Morris said to me the other day about your Paul's frequent fits of depression, so unlike the other children. Can you trace it to anything before his birth?"

"Indeed I trace it too directly," answered the doctor. "About two months before his birth a train of cars ran into my carriage at a dangerous point. It was weeks before I regained my senses, and in that time my wife nursed me day and night. No one could persuade her to rest except to lie on the lounge in my room. As soon as I was able I drove her out; but the mischief was done. She has always been very careful, yet she says that every illness, trouble, or joy passed through at those times is marked on the children. Again, good night."

* * * * * * * * *

"Day dawned; within a curtained room
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom."

These lines always made me shudder, knowing

well, as I do, the absolute need of pure, fresh air for the terrible struggle—the *labor*, harder than any physical effort that strong men make, yet laid upon the most frail and sensitive frames. It was but a natural result of this want of care for her comfort and safety, that when

> "Day closed, a hild had seen the light,
> But for that lady fair and bright—
> She rested in undreaming night."

With no mother or sister to care for her, her husband in his library waiting impatiently for tidings, but with no thought for the suffering woman, Mrs. Hopelands lay for many hours in an atmosphere so heavy, so de-vitalized, that her excellent constitution alone saved her.

"A splendid boy," said the nurse, exultingly, eager to please the father.

In our day Mrs. Hopelands could have a nurse from one of our admirable training-schools, and be herself tenderly cared for. But when Warren Hopelands was born the nurse was generally either a tyrant or an incapable. Often the one thing most dreaded by mothers of large families was—not the suffering, nor the illness, so much as the necessary but almost unendurable nurse.

Mrs. Highbridge nursed, with motherly care and tenderness, the faint life in the daughter whose sweet-

ness and patience had made her very dear to her; and Cora rested tranquilly until she became strong, and then rose from her sick bed to rejoice in her newly-acquired treasure, and to find life full of interest in caring for it and in its sweet companionship.

But most tenderly cared for of the three was the poor man's wife. A plain, motherly nurse without pretension, an absence of show, or style, or visitors, and the frequent presence and thoughtful care of her husband who seemed to know by intuition—the wonderful intuition of love—just what she wanted, were hers. No wonder that she rose from her bed after a long, peaceful rest, blooming, full of life and energy. Nor did she ever become a nervous, dispirited invalid. Often have I seen the first child full of strength and vigor that the strong, energetic mother would have transmitted to all her children, had she been allowed —as many eminent physicians and scientists claim that she should be allowed—to decide herself (as the only one capable of judging) when she was best fitted for this high, yet exacting duty. But they came too close, and, being constantly kept at home by the care of yonng children, both mind and body suffered. It is said that the strongest bow will become useless if never unbent; but it never occurred to the husband, interested in lectures, and concerts, and the various hobbies of clubs or societies, that his wife

needed amusement and relaxation far more than he did, who was daily in the fresh air, and rested by the change from home to business and from business to home. Then, too, the husband often threw upon her his own proper burdens, because she was patient and willing; and it did not occur to him that it was his duty to help lift hers.

"Care and sorrow, and child-birth pain
Left their traces on heart and brain."

She became feeble and despondent, and the children were nervous and irritable or depressed—robbed of their birthright by their own father!

It is as much a duty to limit the number of children, by the mother's power to transmit health and cheerfulness, as it is to care for them and provide for their wants when they come.

"Two-thirds of all cases of womb disease," says Dr. Tilt, "are traceable to child-bearing in feeble women."

Dr. Hillier says: "Puny, sickly, short-lived offspring follows over-production."

Two healthy, energetic country people, living in a pure atmosphere and with beautiful surroundings, had eleven children in quick succession. Then the mother died—sacrificed, and the father married again. Five more children were born at short intervals. By

the time the eldest was thirty-five only five remained alive.

In another family a delicate mother bore six children at long intervals—twenty years between the eldest and the youngest. All lived, and the eldest is now sixty, yet full of vigor.

"It is strange," says John Stuart Mills, "that intemperance in drink, or in any other appetite, should be condemned so readily, but that incontinence in this respect should always meet not only indulgence but praise. Little improvement can be expected in morality until the producing too large families is regarded with the same feeling as drunkenness, or any other physical excess."

Dr. Drysdale, of London, comments thus on these words: "In this error, if error it be, I also humbly share."

Dr. Edward Reich says, after reviewing the multitudinous evils which result to individuals and society from a too rapid increase in families: "Very much indeed is it to be wished that the function of reproduction be placed under the dominion of the will."

Dr. Napheys says: "Men are very ready to find an excuse for self-indulgence, and if they cannot get one anywhere else they seek it in religion. They tell the woman it is her duty to bear all the children she can. They refer her to the sturdy, strong-limbed women

of the early colonies, to the peasant women of Europe who emigrate to our shores, and ask and expect the American wife to rival them in fecundity. They do not reflect that she has been brought up to light indoor employment, that her organization is more nervous and frail, that she absolutely has not the stamina required for many confinements."

The editor of a prominent medical journal of this country says: "Wives have a right to demand of their husbands at least the same consideration which a breeder extends to his stock."

Sismondi, the learned historian of Southern Europe, says: "Whenever it becomes unwise that the family should be increased, *justice* and *humanity* require that the husband should impose on himself the same restraint which is submitted to by the unmarried."

Dr. Henry MacCormac, an eminent English writer, says: "The brute yields to the generative impulse when it is experienced. He is troubled by no compunction about the matter. Now, a man ought not to act like a brute. He has reason to guide and control his appetites. Too many, however, forget, and act like brutes instead of as men. It would, in effect, prove very greatly conducive to man's interests were the generative impulses placed absolutely under the sway of right reason, chastity, forecast, and justice."

Dr. Napheys, in his "Physical Life of Woman,"

adds his testimony to the same important truth. "Continence, self-control, a willingness to deny himself—that is required from the husband. It is absurd for physicians or theologians to insist that it is either the physical or the moral duty of the woman to have as many children as she possibly can have. It is time that such an injurious prejudice was discarded and the truth recognized, that while marriage looks to offspring as its natural sequence, there should be inculcated such a thing as marital continence, and that excess here is repugnant to morality, and is visited by the laws of physiology with certain and severe punishment on parent and child."

CHAPTER VII.

FIFTY years have passed since first we met Mr. Hopelands; his hair is now white, but his form is still erect and his step full of strength. His children occupy stately mansions near his own, and his eldest son has often been discussed in the papers as our probable president; it would be a great gratification to his father could this be accomplished. But though Warren Hopelands would adorn the White House as few men have done, though he would do honor to our country as an able, talented, and highly cultivated president; yet he will never be elected to that office. No man can point out a fault in him or even a weakness of humanity; from boyhood he has been reticent, self-sustained and dignified. Every one admires him as he rides slowly, statue-like, through our streets on his daily constitutional. But no one loves

him; he never had an intimate friend even in boyhood; in his household he is, as an old German said admiringly, of him—"Like a marble pillar in his manners." But no enthusiasm for him is possible. Prudent leaders nominate him as the most capable man for the party, but he is soon dropped for some far inferior man, whom the multitude enshrine in their hearts, and whose name is sung in doggerel on the streets. And as Presidential elections go by with the same result, the perpendicular lines on his face deepen; you begin to feel what a bitter enemy he might make, and to avoid him. Another son is in our Senate. One is a railroad magnate, and another has been our minister at a luxurious European court.

Two sisters live side by side, in stone houses of broad fronts. Their father planned and built them, with pride and pleasure, and gave them as wedding presents.—"Homes for his daughters" the papers said, but they never seem homelike to him; rarely does he enter them, and then only as a social duty and to avoid gossip. Each elegant lady entertains him with tirades against her sister. For though their porticoes adjoin and the street doors are so near that they could clasp hands in entering, they have not for years recognized each other even by the nod given to ordinary acquaintances.

Mr. Hopelands is proud of his children's positions

in society, their manners suit his taste, but he is growing old and childish now. He thinks often of the little ones who played around him and sometimes climbed his knee to kiss him; he has long since forgotten how their childish play, and noisy laughter used to annoy him; and all its sweetness seems to have gone out of his life since they grew up. And how cold, and gray, and dull has life grown! There are new books published, but they seem but a re-hash of the old; pictures and art have lost their charm, and his failing eye-sight makes the study of them a burden; his ear has lost its delicate appreciation of music; travel can give him nothing new! He never cared for science or philanthophy; he never needed to engage in business; his government bonds and other investments are so secure that they require no thought. His home is in the city, his house has always been an upholsterer's display, furnished to order—not with loving care—and no associations endear its magnificence. There is neither tree nor vine nor flower near it to bud and blossom and interest him in its changes; the cut flowers are furnished regularly by the florist, and interest him no more than do the frescoed walls. Even the world beyond sends no rays to gild his old age, and tempt him heavenward;

he has no faith in God, no brotherhood with man. He has founded a family, but he has lost himself!

Mrs. Hopelands is shy of these stately, elegant ladies and gentlemen; her ideas and manners are now old-fashioned. She cannot even dress to please them, although she sometimes tries earnestly to do so. The grand-children would be an inexhaustible source of pleasure to her, but they look so critically at her, and make such wise remarks! The babies are very sweet, and so like her own that her heart yearns to take them away from the inevitable French *bonne* and cuddle and cry over them. But that would be impossible; they are on dress parade, their laces and embroideries must be kept immaculate, and she is allowed only to kiss the soft cheek; it is little better than looking at wax figures. Sometimes, when they are gone, she unlocks a drawer in the silver inlaid chiffonier in her own dressing room, and broods over it. What treasures the elegant cabinet must contain! Yes,—little shoes worn at the toes, faded little dresses, broken toys; school exercises in round, straggling hand, a few blotted and ill-spelled letters, a bladeless knife! She kisses them and sheds over them bitter tears; for her children are *gone*, lost to her for ever; she will never find them on any spot of the wide creation,—no heaven can ever give them back to her.

We pity King David—

> "That old man desolate,
> In the chamber over the gate,
> Weeping and wailing sore
> For his son, who is no more.
> Oh, Absalom, my son!"

Yet he had a child in heaven, and Mrs. Hopelands' children have grown away from her and from their heavenly Father.

Mrs. Highbridge, too, has a dream filled with such treasures, and sometimes her fond tears fall upon them. But she smiles over them, and often sits by them, dreaming happy dreams that will some day be realized. Dreams of the time when, like her darlings, she shall lay aside the cumbering, suffering flesh and put on immortality; when the little ones shall welcome her to their home, where each ungratified wish shall be met; where "they shall go no more out forever," but love, and joy, and peace shall be eternal. And sometimes over the drawer of mementoes, over her children's pictures, even, faith takes flight to the Great White Throne where stands, as Intercessor One nearer and dearer than friend, or husband, or children. One who loved her and gave himself for her, who has guided and kept her all her life long, who has watched and strengthened her in every trial, who will let no unnecessary burden be laid upon her, who has promised to lead her even to

hoary hairs, to be with her in the valley of the shadow of death, and to receive her to his everlasting kingdom, where she shall not only be near but be *like* him ; where she " shall see him as he is," whom she has loved and followed in the darkness. Yes, happiest of all her friends, because breathing a spiritual atmosphere far above theirs, it does not depress Mrs. Highbridge that her darlings have been taken away ; that, nervous and feeble as she is, day and night are often but alternations of suffering ; that her husband is selfish and indifferent to her, only rousing himself to be polite when strangers, and especially young ladies, are present.

But one sore trial is like a sword in her heart—her two sons "walk in the ways of their father." The bright, loving boys who were to console her for the loss of their father's love—the last treasures left her here—the only prop on which she might lean since her husband's father and mother had been taken away—alas for them far more than for their father! They are reaping "the wild oats" he had sown. The habits of his youth had become in his sons an irresistible impulse—a *disease*. A writer in the *Phrenological Journal* describes it as "an impulsive desire for stimulant drinks, uncontrollable by any motives that can be addressed to the understanding or conscience,—in which the passion for drink is the master-passion,

and subdues to itself every other desire and faculty of the soul."

Dr. Elam says: "The modus operandi of inherited evil is much the same in all cases, consisting in the production of an enfeebled nervous system, a polarity towards all temptation, and a will and power of resistance proportionately diminished."

To watch and attempt to restrain them was only to drive them to artifice. When without money to gratify their insane craving they entered the rooms of their friends and stole their clothes and books, selling them for the means of a single debauch. They have so often forged their father's signature that he has been obliged to direct that no cheque of his shall be honored unless presented in person. A trusted servant always goes for them at night, or waits at home to get them quietly and safely to bed. But never does that poor mother sleep until the shuffling sounds and muttered oaths along the hall tell of the return of her sons.

It is the natural result of the law of moral heritage.

Annie McDonald is turning peacefully and cheerfully to descend the hill of life. Her eye is still bright and her smile sunny. Her sons almost worship her, although they have loving wives and children. The daughters come in every emergency to mother, and rely fully upon her judgment and

sympathy. They are all honorable, useful, happy Christian men and women, shining in this dark world with the gentle, clear light of purity and love. Father and mother thank God daily for their children. Well may they, for to the honor of our merciful Lord it is recorded that while he visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generations of them that hate Him (or violate His laws), he shows mercy unto thousands of generations of them that love him and keep his commandments. So Archie and Annie look hopefully and joyfully forward to the time when the M'Donald clan shall gather at the call of the great Leader—not for conflict but for crowning.

Dr. Holmes says: "There are people who think that everything may be done, if the doer, be he educator or physician, be only called in season. No doubt; but *in season* would often be a hundred or two years before the child was born, and people never send so early as that."

Doctor Moore says: "Our education may be said to begin with our forefathers." It was said by a noted physiologist, "Heritage has in reality more power over our constitution and character than all the influences from without, whether moral or physical."

Cornelius says: "It is the greater part of our felicity to be well born."

Epictetus says of himself: "I was a slave, a cripple, a beggar, and a favorite of the Gods."

The only real wealth you can leave to your children is the inheritance of character, not reputation—that is a bubble and may soon burst. But character, formed slowly by principle and habit, is an enduring heritage. Bequeathed wealth beside it is like your name traced on sea-sand beside a name graved in the pyramids. Still more—inherited money is oftener a curse than a benefit.

What will you leave to your descendants?

Young man, pause at the very threshold of marriage, unless you are worthy. Do not enter its sacred portals until you have become (as by prayer and earnest effort you may become) what you would wish your children to be for a thousand generations.

Father, mother,—the place where thou standest is holy ground. Walk lovingly, carefully, reverently, as in the sight of God's angels. The angels of little children "do always behold the face of your Father who is in heaven."

[THE END.]

SUPPLEMENT.

PHYSICAL science and the laws governing the origin of life have occupied many learned men ever since Doctor Morris gave the results of his study and experience; but their researches only add to and confirm his theories. Carefully-prepared statistics, as well as genealogical tables of families remarkable for talent or for tendency to crime, show plainly the strength and prevalence of the laws of heredity, and the power of pre-natal influences. The limited scope of this little book will not allow full quotations, but any one who will examine our libraries will find proof of the simple truths here offered in such books as "Heredity," from the French of Th. Ribot; "The Jukes," by R. L. Dugdale; "Hereditary Genius," by Francis Galton, and "Hereditary Disease," and "English Men of Science," by the same author, and others, to whom I am indebted for valuable informa-

tion. From these and other writers on the subject, I quote a few passages.

"Intelligence gropes about, tries this way and that, commits mistakes and corrects them; instinct advances with a mechanical certainty."—Th. Ribot.

"There is no escape from the conclusion that nature prevails enormously over nurture, when the differences of nurture do not exceed what is commonly to be found among persons of the same rank of society and in the same country."—Ibid.

"Nature is all that a man brings with himself into the world. Nurture is every influence from without that affects him after his birth. The distinction is clear. The one produces the infant such as it actually is, including its latent faculties of growth of body and mind; the other affords that environment amid which the growth takes place, by which natural tendencies may be strengthened or thwarted, or wholly new ones implanted. When nature and nurture compete for supremacy, the former proves the stronger."—Galton's "English Men of Letters."

"We are inclined to assign but little importance to causes acting after birth, such as diet, climate, circumstances, education, physical and moral influences. The causes anterior to birth, but subsequent to conception, are all the physical and moral disturbances of uterine existence, all those influences which can

act through the mother upon the fœtus during the period of gestation—impressions, emotions, defective nutrition, effects of imagination."—Th. Ribot.

"It is a rule that the more complicated the mechanism, the greater the disproportion between causes and their effects."—Ibid.

"Slight differences in natural disposition of human races may in one case lead irresistibly to some particular career, and in another case may make that career an impossibility."

"The happiness that is transmissible from one human being to another by natural descent does not perish like wealth which is liable to accidents from without. It is part of the human beings themselves. The good constitution and sense, the good temper, amiableness and beauty of one family may be divided and sub-divided in geometrical progression, by combination with the individuals of other families; but will never wear out, or cease to exist, for division is not annihilation."—"Heredity," by an English clergyman.

"In these days a very exaggerated importance is attached to *education*. Parents depend on educational training for neutralizing those defects in their children which they ought to have foreseen before they determined on bringing children into the world. They should be aware that no precept which they

can inculcate, or example which they can set, will turn bad tempers into good ones; neither can hygiene, or exercise, or all the fresh air in the world, create good constitutions."—Ibid.

"Few would deserve better of their country than those who determine to lead celibate lives, through a reasonable conviction that their issue would probably be less fitted than the generality to play their part as citizens."—Galton.

"Man knows how petty he is, but he also perceives that he stands here on this particular earth, at this particular time, as the heir of untold ages and in the van of circumstances."

"The long period of the dark ages under which Europe has lain is due, I believe, in a very considerable degree to the celibacy enjoined by religious orders on their votaries. Whenever a man or woman was possessed of a gentle nature that fitted him or her to deeds of charity, to meditation, to literature, or to art, the social condition of the time was such that they had no refuge elsewhere than in the bosom of the church. But the church chose to preach and exact celibacy. The consequence was that these gentle natures had no continuance, and that by a policy so singularly unwise and suicidal that I am hardly able to speak of it without impatience. The church brutalized the breed of our forefathers. The

policy of the religious world in Europe was exerted in another direction with hardly less cruel effect on the nature of future generations, by means of persecutions which brought thousands of the foremost thinkers and men of political aptitudes to the scaffold, or imprisoned them during a large part of their manhood, or drove them as emigrants into other lands. Hence the church, having first captured all the gentle natures, made another sweep of her huge nets to catch those who were the most fearless, truth-seeking and intelligent in their modes of thought, and, therefore, the most suitable parents of a high civilization, and put a strong check, if not a direct stop, to their progeny. Thus as she brutalized human nature by her system of celibacy applied to the gentle, she demoralized it by her system of persecution of the intelligent, the sincere and the free. During the three hundred years from 1471 to 1781, in Spain, 32,000 were burnt, 17,000 died in prison or escaped from the country, and 291,000 were imprisoned or punished for religious belief. It is impossible that any nation could stand a policy like this without paying a heavy penalty in the deterioration of its breed.

"Italy was frightfully persecuted. In the diocese of Como alone, more than 1,000 were tried annually by the inquisitors for many years, and 300 were burnt in the single year 1416.

"In France, in the 17th century, three or four hundred thousand Protestants perished in prison, at the galleys, in their attempts to escape, or on the scaffold, and an equal number emigrated. Mr. Smiles, in his book on the Huguenots, has traced the influence of these and of the Flemish emigrants on England, and shows clearly that she owes to them almost all her industrial arts and very much of the most valuable life-blood of her modern race. There has been another emigration from France of not unequal magnitude, but followed by different results—namely that of the Revolution in 1789. It is most instructive to contrast the effects of the two. The Protestant emigrants were able men, and have profoundly influenced for good both our breed and our history; on the other hand the political refugees had but poor average stamina and have left scarcely any traces behind them."—Galton's "Hereditary Genius."

The same author gives tables of mental inheritance, from which I quote a few names: "Burns, Schiller and Cuvier inherited their talent from the mother. The mother of Sir Francis Bacon — Ann Cooke—belonged to a highly-gifted family and was a distinguished scholar. The mother of James Watt was a woman of remarkable mind. Anthony Van Dyke, the painter, had his inheritance from both parents, his father being a painter and his mother

famous for her beautiful designs in tapestry. Byron inherited the fierce, bitter temper of his mother. Goethe inherited his father's splendid health and form and his mother's energy and poetic talent. He married his servant-maid, and his son inherited Goethe's form and face with the mother's narrow mind. Tasso inherited talent from both parents. Mozart inherited from his father his talent, and his sister and two sons shared it. During nearly 200 years the Bach family produced a multitude of artists of the first rank. Fifty-seven are mentioned with distinction. Its head was Weit Bach, a baker, who in his leisure hours solaced himself with music and song. Beethoven inherited musical talent from father and grandfather. Rossini's father and mother were musicians at fairs. Mendelssohn belonged to a talented family; all were literary or musical. His sister aided him in his work. Herschel inherited and transmitted talent, his sister aided him, and his son excelled him. Aristotle's father was a distinguished physician and author of several works. Grotius, Macaulay, Porteus, each inherited talent from his grandfather and father. George Stephenson and his son Robert had the same engineering talent. Schlegel, Seneca, Madame de Stael descended from families of talent and high culture. The family of Lamorgnon was for generations

one of magistrates, for which they were fitted by just and noble characters. Hippocrates was the seventeenth physician in his family. Lady Hester Stanhope inherited her strong will from the Pitts. The Catos were always austere; the Appii, proud and inflexible; the Guises bold, proud and politic; the Medicis cruel and crafty."

Montaigne was much interested in heredity. He wrote of himself: "I inherited from a line of long-lived ancestors an unconquerable aversion to drugs, and not even the fear of death could overcome it."

The conclusion drawn from these cases is thus stated by Galton. "It is certain that the child inherits from both parents. It never happens that either parent exercises an exclusive influence. The action of one is always preponderant. This preponderance takes place in two ways, either within the same sex or from one sex to the other. Heredity is taken in too narrow a sense when it is restricted to two generations. Its law is absolute transmission, and in spite of all the obstacles which tend to weaken or destroy it, it struggles on without truce or pause."

The records of inherited disease and crime are startling. It is estimated that from one-half to one-third of the cases of insanity are hereditary; in a

Connecticut asylum was a lunatic, the eleventh of his family.

Dr. Harris says—"The best and most unprejudiced observers are agreed that the families of inebriates develop forms of nervous and brain diseases which could only be referred to the habit of drinking in the parent. Dr Magnus Huss of Stockholm declared that drinking produced partial atrophy of the brain, which was handed down to the children. The brain was then too small for its bony case, and lunacy was the result. The same fact has been observed in the lunatics of Massachusetts. In France Dr. Morel had observed the same result—diminished brains through several generations leading to imbecility, homicidal insanity, idiocy and final extinction."— Harris on "Alcoholic Inebriety."

The history of the Jukes family, "A Study in Crime Pauperism, Disease and Heredity," by R. S. Dugdale, gives a strong case that yet could be easily paralleled. Their ancestor was born about 1730; he is described as a jolly companionable man, fond of hunting and fishing, but averse to steady labor. Idleness led the way to vice; in the fifth generation were 123 descendants, terrors and nuisances mostly wherever they went. Thirty-five were the descendants of an illegitimate grand-daughter, of these, sixteen have been in jail,—one no less than nine times; eleven led pauper, dis-

reputable lives, four were intemperate. The proportion was almost the same in the other branches, but by the time the family numbered 540 they began to die out, from the result of accumulated vices, and are now fast passing away.

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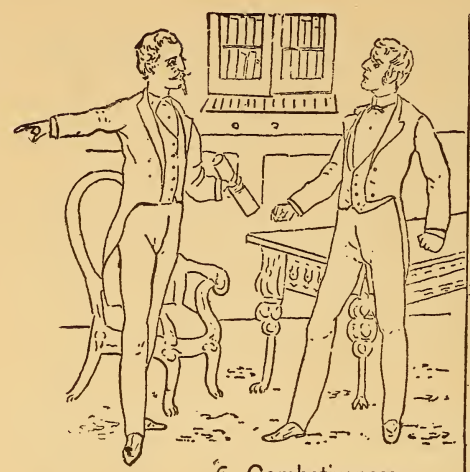
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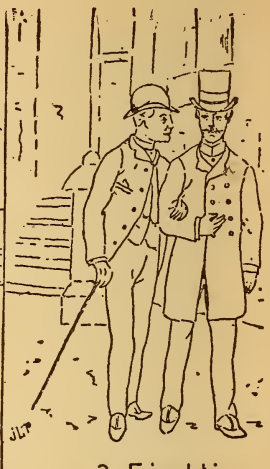
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